

**MURINE'S WITCH SOAP HAZEL NUTS**

Makes the skin soft as velvet. Improves any complexion. Best shampoo made. Cures most skin eruptions.

Murine's Hair Restorative cures dandruff, falling hair from falling out, makes hair grow. If you have dandruff, or any liver trouble, use Murine's Face Wash Pills. They cure Biliousness, Constipation and drive all impurities from the blood.

MURINE'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Make the Liver Do its Duty**

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine number Signature

*W. L. Douglas*

**W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWED SHOES**

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes.

They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed.

TAKE NO OTHERS! If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

**TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY**

For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS

Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain

Beware of Imitations! Murine, 25c. 50c. \$1.00

Murine Eye Salve, 25c. 50c. \$1.00

SEE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

**DIDN'T GET THE QUOTATION**

Boston Reporter, Unlike Most Newspaper Men, Was Unfamiliar With the Scriptures.

The "Cub" reporter is the greenest reporter on the staff of a newspaper. When anything particularly stupid happens on the paper, he is the first to be accused, and he is usually right. The only salvation for him is to improve, which he does in nine cases out of a dozen. The Boston Journal told recently of an amusing "break" of a wholly innocent nature which a certain cub made. If it shows anything, it shows that a thorough training in the Bible is useful in other walks of life than the ministry.

The reporter had been sent to a suburb to report a sermon. He arrived late, near the close of the service, and took a seat near the door. When the last hymn was over, he asked his neighbor, an elderly gentleman:

"What was the text of the sermon?"

"Who Art Thou?" replied the other.

"Boston reporter," replied the other. "The man smiled. Subsequently he told the preacher, who next Sunday told the congregation—at the cub's expense.—Youth's Companion.

**The Enemies.**

Appropos of the enemy, now happily buried, that used to exist between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Senator Clapp said at a dinner in the former city:

"I remember an address on careless building that I once heard in Minneapolis.

"Why," said the speaker in the course of this address, 'one inhabitant of St. Paul is killed by accident in the streets every 48 hours.'

"A bitter voice from the rear of the hall interrupted:

"Well, it ain't enough, it isaid."

**PRESSED HARD.**

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in a Southern state says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better that she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Ever read the above letter? A new and superior form has been developed. It is genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**THE QUICKENING**

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright, 1906, by Francis Lynde

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

The Dabney buggy was waiting for him when, after what seemed like a pilgrimage of endless miles, he had crept down to the gate. But it was Miss Dabney, and not Mammy Juliet's Pete, who was holding the reins.

"I couldn't find Pete, and Japheth has gone to town," she explained. "Can you get in by yourself?"

He was holding on by the out wheel, and the death-look was creeping over his face again.

"I can't let you," he panted; and she thought he was thinking of the distance for her.

"I am my own mistress," she said, coldly. "If I choose to drive you when you are too sick to hold the reins, it is my own affair."

"I wasn't thinking of that; but you must first know just what you're doing. My father stands to lose all he has got to—the Farleys. That's what the meeting is for. Do you understand?"

"She bit her lip and a far-away look came into her eyes. Then she turned on him with a little frown of determination, gathering between her straight eyebrows—a frown that reminded him of the Major in his militant moods.

"I must take your word for it," she said, and the words seemed to cut the air like edged things. "Tell me the truth, your cause, entirely just? Your motive is not revenge?"

"It is my father's cause, and none of mine; more than that, it is your grandfather's cause—and yours."

She pushed the buggy hood back with a quick arm sweep and gave him her free hand. "Step carefully," she cautioned; and a minute later they were speeding swiftly down the pike in a white dust cloud of their own making.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Riding up the pike one sun-shot afternoon in the golden September, Tom saw Ardea enter the open door of the Marwenstow church-copy, drew reins, flung himself out of the saddle and followed her. She saw him and stopped in the vestibule, quaking a little as she felt the cold air strike her until she was impassably chilled. A lock with another should be safely opened between them.

"Just a moment," he said, abruptly. "There was a time when I said I would spare Vincent Farley and his kindred. Things have changed since then; I have changed. When my father is buried, I shall do my best to fill the mourners' carriages with those who have killed him."

"How is your father to-day?" she asked, not daring to trust speech otherwise.

"He is the same as he was yesterday and the day before; the same as he will always be from this on—a broken man."

"You will strike back?" She said it with infinite address in her voice and an upraising of eyes that were swimming.

"I don't question your right—just, but I pity you. The blood may be just, I don't know—yet it will fall hardest on you in the end, Tom."

His smile was almost boyish in its frank anger. But there was a man's anger in his eyes. He forgot for the moment that we are in a church. But I am taking consequences, these days."

She looked out from the cool, dark refuge of the vestibule when he mounted and rode and her heart was full. It was madness, vindictive, mad. It was a blow in the dark or in the back, as some men struck; and he struck not strike without first giving her warning. Ardea had been crossing the Woodland gates—to her own hurt. Japheth had evaded as he could, but she had guessed what he was keeping back. The idea of the two footpads blackened to look like negroes. It was a weary world, and life had lost much that had made it worth living.

Tom was deep in an inventive trance, with vengeance for the prize to be won, and for the means to the end, ironworks and pipe plants and forgings—especially the forging of one particular thunderbolt which should shatter the Farley and his kindred.

"This bolt was finally hammered into shape he had an hour's interview with Major Dabney, and took a train for New York.

A telegram from Norman, begging him to come back to the office at speed, overtook him. For three days a gentleman with shrewd eyes and a hard-bitten jaw, registering at the Marlboro cafe; and it was accident or design, as you like to believe, that Dyckman should be sitting at the table away, choking over his food and listening only by the road of the eye, since he was unapprehensively of ear range. When the two passed out to the elevator, the bookkeeper rose hastily and made for the nearest telephone. This, at least, was not accidental.

The conference in Suite 32 lasted until nearly midnight, with Dyckman painfully shadowing the corridor and sweating like a furnace laborer, though the night was more than autumn cool. The door was thick, the transom was closed, and the keyhole commanded nothing but a square of blank wall opposite in the electric-lighted sitting room of the suite. Hence the bookkeeper could only guess what we may know.

"You have let in a flood of light on Mr. Farley's proposition, Mr. Gordon," said the spokesman of the American Aqueduct, when the ground had been thoroughly gone over. "I don't mind telling you now that he made his first overtures to us on his arrival from Europe, giving us to understand that he owned the bookkeeper's pipe-making plants absolutely."

"At that time he controlled nothing, as I have explained," said Tom. "not even his majority stock in Chlawassee Consolidated. Of course, he resumed control as soon as he reached home, and his next move was to have me quietly snatched while he froze my father out. But father did not transfer the patents, for the simple reason that he couldn't. They are my personal property, made over to me before the firm of Gordon & Gordon came into existence."

"You are the man, we'll have to do business with, Mr. Gordon. Are you

quite sure of your legal status in the case?"

He gave good advice. Hanchett, Goodloe and Tryson, Richmond Building, are my attorneys. They will put you in the way of finding out anything you'd like to know."

"As I have said, I'm here to do business. We don't lose the plant. Will you sell us your patents?"

"Yes; on one condition."

"That you first put us out of business. You'll have to smash Chlawassee Limited painstakingly and permanently before you can buy our holdings."

The shrewd-eyed gentleman who had unified practically all of the pipe foundries in the United States smiled a gentle negative.

"That would be rather out of our line. If Mr. Farley owned the patents, he is not—we might try to convince him. But we are not out for vengeance—another man's vengeance, that's all."

"Very well, then; you won't get what you've come after. The patents go with the plant. You can't have one without the other," said Tom, eying his opponent through half-closed lids.

"That is where you are going to be wrong, at a very reasonable figure. Farley is anxious enough to come in out of the wet."

"Excuse me, Mr. Dracott, but you can't buy the plant at any price."

"En? Why can't you?"

"Because the majority of the stock will vote to fight you to a standstill."

"But, my dear sir! Mr. Farley controls 65 per cent of the stock!"

"That is where you are going to be wrong more time," said Tom, with great coolness. "The capital stock of Chlawassee Limited is divided into one thousand shares, all distributed. My father holds three hundred and fifty shares. My Farley and my father together own four hundred and fifty; and the remaining two hundred are held in trust for Miss Ardea Dabney, to become her property in fee simple when she marries. Pending her marriage, which is currently supposed to be near at hand, the voting power of these two hundred shares resides in Miss Dabney's grandfather, and my father holds his proxy."

"This was the thunderbolt Tom had been waiting for during those quiet days spent on the mountain side; and there was another pause while one might count ten. After which the man from New York spoke his mind freely.

"You're a pretty good fellow, must be pretty bitter, Mr. Gordon. Are you willing to see your father and these Dabneys go by the board for the sake of breaking the president and his son?"

"I know what I am doing," was the quiet answer. "A stenographer, physical strength and tried courage were the principal qualifications for this important office. When the court desired the presence of John Smith as a petit juror or as a witness, it was the sheriff's duty to stand outside the courthouse or poke his head out of a window and cry three times and with all the power of his lungs, 'John Smith, come to court!' and John generally heard the call and obeyed. If he happened to be so remote that he did not hear, there were always plenty of loiterers who esteemed it an honor to go after him. A written summons was seldom resorted to. It was regarded as a waste of material and time, to say nothing of the stupendous task which the preparation of such a document would place upon a clerk who could hold a plow handle or rifle much more effectively than a pen."

By far the most important men who attended the sessions of the courts were the lawyers, especially the younger ones. But nobody called them lawyers. They were scribes. To see a young squire with a queen three feet long dangling down his back and tied with an eel skin, strutting backward and forward over the rough-hewn slabs that formed the floor of the ordinary log courthouse, brought the woodmen from near and far; and to hear him "plead" was worth a wearisome foot journey over ice and snow and across swollen rivers and creeks, through an interminable forest.—Case and Comment.

**IN PIONEER COURTS**

HOW JUSTICE WAS ADMINISTERED IN RUDE SURROUNDINGS.

Art Instructor Advises Women to Study Leaves in Designing of Dresses.

As all know, Eve, the first lady of the land, made herself a dress of fig leaves. The gown was an immense success, extremely fashionable; every woman alive wore it.

Now, after all these years, comes Henry Turner Bailey, who would reverse the fall mode of the garden of Eden, says the Baltimore Star. At least, Mr. Bailey, head of the art instruction department of the board of education, implores women to study the leaves of plants and trees and model their gowns after them.

"Women need not go to Paris for their fashions," said Mr. Bailey. "They can find the most exquisite styles by simply studying the weeds that grow in our back yards or the leaves of trees or ferns. If every part of a dress were as consistently harmonized in its relative lines as a leaf, that dress would be well worth wearing."

If Mr. Bailey were not an art instructor he would be a baseball pitcher, for he knows all about curves. He proceeds to advise separately women slender as the lily, women built like a cauliflower and women who are just peaches. Says he:

"It will not take any woman of taste very long to decide which leaf represents the style that becomes her figure. If she is stout or inclined to stoutness she will select as her inspiration and model those leaves or flowers that have the sharper angles and thinner curves. Take the white oak leaf, with every one of its curves a reversed curve, and the woman to whom that kind of general design is most pleasing will have at once an inspiration."

"For the woman of less pronounced type there may be found another inspiration in the bud of the lilac, which has gentle reversed curves all through it. Then again we find that the St. John's wort has a series of little ellipses all through its foliage. The delicate curves of the wild bean are extremely suggestive to any person who will study them, and it seems to me that the average type of American beauty could find in it an inspiration for a dress. Just as the type inclined to stoutness would find an inspiration also in the common rose, or member of the rose family."

Wedding gowns will follow the curves of the orange leaf, but widows who marry the second time will build their bridal dresses on the model of the chestnut leaf. Small babies' long dresses will be curved as is the leaf of the milkweed.

And so on.

**Man's Sense of Ambition.**

Although imitation is one of the great instruments used by Providence in bringing our nature towards its perfection, yet if men gave themselves up to imitation entirely, and each followed the other, and so on in an eternal circle, it is easy to see that there never could be any improvement amongst them. Men must remain as brutes do, the same at the end as they are at this day, and that they were in the beginning of the world. To prevent this, God has implanted in man a sense of ambition, and a satisfaction arising from the contemplation of his excellent his fellows in something deemed valuable amongst them. It is this passion that drives men to all the ways we see in use of signaling themselves, and that tends to make whatever excites in a man the idea of this distinction so very pleasant. It has been so very strong as to make very miserable men take comfort that they were supreme in misery and certain it is that, where we cannot distinguish ourselves by something excellent, we begin to take a complacency in some singular infirmities, follies, or defects of one kind or other.—Burke.

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**YOURS**

Yours for uniformity.

Yours for greatest leavening power.

Yours for never failing results.

Yours for purity.

Yours for economy.

Yours for every-thing that goes to make up a strictly high grade, dependable baking powder.

That is Calumet. Try it once and note the improvement in your baking. See how much more economical over the high-priced trust brands, how much better than the cheap and big-can kinds.

Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in cost.

Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

**DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.**

Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

Just Like a Girl.

"Her cooking-school habits are a good deal of bother to me."

"How now?"

"She always wants me to taste the gasoline when the automobile isn't working right."

**Important to Mothers**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

**Remarkable Young Lady.**

From a feuilleton: "Her voice was low and soft; but once again, as Janet Fenn withdrew from the room and closed the door after her, the fiendish gleam came into her colorless eyes."

"If we hear any more of Janet we will let you know."—Punch.

**Speaking of Fires.**

Roy Bone, a brother of United States District Attorney Harry Bone, several years ago was a reporter on the Wichita Beacon. In going to a fire one of the members of the fire department was thrown from a hose cart and killed. Bone wrote a head, with this as the first deck: "Gone to His Last Fire."

The piece got into the paper and Bone was promptly "fired."—Kansas City Journal.

**Unfair.**

Senator John H. Bankhead, discussing a political move, said, with a smile:

"Oh, it's too coldly calculated. It's almost unfair. In fact, it's like Mrs. Blank.

"Mrs. Blank is a leader of Bar Harbor society. Her husband said to her, one afternoon, as she made a very elaborate toilet for a garden party that she was giving to some members of the British legation:

"Why did you write to all our guests that this party was to be absolutely informal?"

Mrs. Blank laughed.

"So as to be the best-dressed woman present, of course," she said."

**Brings Cheer to the breakfast table—**

**Post Toasties**

with cream.

Crisp, golden-brown "crinkly" bits, made from white corn.

A most appetizing, convenient, pleasurable breakfast.

**"The Memory Lingers"**

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.